



I am... Empty?



empty

lonely

me

206 6 16

Chapter 1 by Neolillz

"Okay! Lets get this meeting started. We can begin with naming our... favourite food!" The over cheery head-space officer said. Personally I don't understand how I ended up here. It was basically a class for teens who were in need of 'help'.

"My name is Tina and my favourite food is Chocolate!" The H.S. officer, Tina, had a kind of warm vibe radiating off her. I guess it was supposed to make her more approachable but I like the cold better.

Circles are always with you. From Kindergarten to adulthood there are always circles. So now I am 1 out of 17 people standing in a circle and It is my turn to name my favourite food next.

"I don't have a favourite food..." I say in my usual monotone voice. I don't really care if I ruined the 'vibe' of the room I honestly don't have a favourite food.

"Oh... What's you name dear?" Tina said, the happiness draining out of her face like water down a sink. Firstly, I never thought I'd ever compare a face to a sink and secondly, I do not appreciate being called dear, I'm a guy, geez...

"Hades..." I reply. Yes, I was named after the god of death and the underworld. I have to say, It suits me well. I just needed the middle name 'Gaia' to be the god of destruction too. Oh wait

that is my middle name.

"O-okay then, do you have any hobbies?" Tina asks me hopefully. I pretend to think for a moment but after a few

"No."

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Everyone scowls at me with distaste. I really don't care though. So what If I don't have a favourite food or any hobbies. I have other things. My cat, my, my, okay, just my cat... "Is there anything you *do* like Hades?" Tina says. She is close to snapping. I can tell. "I like black... Does that count?" I say back. Monotone as usual. Tina sighs in annoyance and excuses herself from the classroom. I smile, just a little, as everyone else continues giving me the glare of death. I don't care. I *am* death bitches.

My name says so...

Chapter 2 by Jillian Harar



I have to say, thing go rather smoothly for me. What I cant say is why I asked to be seen at lunch by Tina.

Great. Just great. As if the school day was already going swell. I decided I wasn't going to go see Tina. You know what she reminds me of? A llama. With her brown mullet and big eyes. What are we from? The 1990's?

I walk into the cafeteria and get my food. A sandwich that looks more like a soggy hamburger. Yum. I sit down by myself, in the corner, as I did at my other school before getting expelled. I'm sitting there eating my lunch when a girl walks over, she looks my age. Beaming blue eyes, red hair and freckles.

"Hey. I'm Amanda." She says staring directly into my eyes. "Come to the back of the school after it ends. I need to talk to you."

I stare at her, very confused.

"Mr. Nafter. I told you to come to me during lunch!"

Her high pitched voice struck me like bullets.

"In my classroom. Now."

I think she saw me roll my eyes, because I not even more lecturing as I walked down the halls. I mostly remember her spitting in my face. "You are so sassy and not have an attitude?"

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What an awesome first day, am I right?

Chapter 3 by YungTrains



She took me to her classroom. Looked me in the eye and slapped me. Luckily not in the eye. She asked me "Do you know why your here?!" I shrugged. She slapped me again. I was super mad and decided to slap her back. She grabbed me by the ear and threw me into the principal's office. That hurt more than the slaps. The principal said something while I pretended to listen. All I remember is "Responsible Expel listening". Wait did I hear that right... EXPEL!! That would be good and not good at the same time. Yay no more school but on the other hand I'm going to get into a chunk of trouble at home. He let me out after slapping me (he probably knew I was not listening) walking to next class thinking does everyone slap people when they are misbehaving?

Chapter 4 by Levi-Chu



I told my parents about the expulsion. They've been getting better about this, since it was the seventh time. I was sitting in my dark room with the curtains pulled. Then my mom knocked on my door, " Hades," she started in her calm voice, " There's some one at the door for you." she told me. I got up and headed for the door.

Who was it? I was afraid to admit... I had no friends.

But at the door was none other than the red head from lunch Amanda.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 20

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